

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE, EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY MORNING.

NUMBER 17.

WASHINGTON, D. C. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1845.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,
Three times a week, on a super-royal sheet.
It will be delivered to subscribers in the District, at two cents per number, payable weekly.

To distant subscribers it will be mailed at Two Dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square of 14 lines, one insertion, 37
two insertions 60
three 75
two weeks 1 25
one month 1 50
two months 2 50
three 3 00
six months 5 00
twelve 7 50
Professional cards of five lines, or under, 3 00 per year.

While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.—*Holy writ.*

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—*Francis Wayland.*

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—*John Pierpont.*

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infatuated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—*Samuel Spring.*

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tippers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the chief man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—*Wilbur Fisk, D. D.*

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men. * * * Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—*Justin Edwards, D. D.*

You create paupers, and lodge them in your almshouse—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—immure them

in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—*Dr. Thomas Sewall.*

You are filling your almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! *Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE OF THE SMITHS.

CHAPTER I.

I always write stories in a hurry. The truth is, I do not begin till I am driven to it, and I may add, that once begun, I might never end, but for getting tired.—On I hurry, like a wild horse in the harness, till completely exhausted, I am forced to lay down the pen, and leave my hero, perhaps, to the Fates.

It shall not be so this time. I will write only five chapters—and these shall be short—at least one of them. So here it endeth.

CHAPTER II.

I don't say that Bill Smith was the laziest man that ever lived, but he was decidedly the laziest ever I saw. And I will venture to say, further, that his match could not be found in Pepperelbro. There was where he lived—there he lives now.

Well Bill was a toper—for that man never existed who was too lazy to drink.—Of course he was not one of the real tear-down-drag-out sort; but then he drank hard, and was generally pretty boozy towards evening; for he was too lazy to get drunk very early in the day.

One evening, just about two years and three months ago, he was very drunk.—The night was cold—the wind blew fiercely, and the light snow swept wildly over the ground, and added terror to the howlings of old Boreas. That night, Bill was full two miles from his own miserable hovel, snugly ensconced behind some old boxes and barrels, in one corner of a filthy rum shop. How he came there—so far from home—I do not know, but will guess, that he happened on board some farmer's wagon or sleigh that passed his house; and was too lazy to get out till the vehicle stopped at the little grocery.

"Bill you must clear out," said the rum seller.

Bill made no answer.

"I say, Bill, you must clear out—go home."

Bill began to snore—he was sleepy, and tired to boot; he always was.

"Hallo, Bill—I say, come crawl out and go home; 'tis most nine o'clock."

"Wait awhile," said Bill, "don't be in a hurry—there's nothing gained by hurrying."

"But I must shut up, and go home.—There's nothing doing here, and I can't afford firewood."

Bill roused up a little—not much, but a little and winked. Perhaps he would have said something, but just then the door opened, and a stranger walked in.—He had rode a long distance, and seeing a light in the 'rummy' had called to inquire how far it was to a public house.

"Just two miles and a half," said old Boozle, the rum seller, "and here's a chap that's going e'enamost there—lives right on the road."

Bill roused up a little more; perhaps there was a chance to ride, and it would not do to lose it. After a little more ceremony, that may be imagined, and with a little assistance that Bill actually needed, the two got into the sleigh and rode off.

"I s'pose I live here," said Bill, when the sleigh had got a few rods past his house. The stranger reined up his nag, and Bill got out. He had begun to get sober, and would have thanked the gentleman for his ride, but he was really too lazy, and so he jolted slowly back to his own door, raised the latch and went in.

CHAPTER III.

There was quite a stir in Pepperelbro the next day. A stranger had come to town, and it was pretty generally rumored that he was to deliver a temperance lecture that evening in the village school house. Here and there, little groups were gathered together, talking the matter over—for indeed it was something new to have a temperance lecture there; the oldest inhabitant could not remember the like of it. Bill's appetite, and itching to ascertain who and what the stranger was, urged him as far as the tavern,

where he arrived about noon. Of course he made one of the group there, who talked about the stranger, and his business; though precious little did he do towards making up the conversation.

"Are you goin' to jine the new pledge, Bill?" asked an old covey, as he entered the bar room.

Bill didn't know exactly what answer to make, and so, true to his nature, he made none at all.

"How is it, uncle Simon," continued the same voice, addressing another of the loungers, "are you goin' to jine the Thomsons to-night?—they say it is all the go down the city."

"The Thomsons," said uncle Simon, "I don't know—they allow steamin' it, I suppose."

Old Simon was the wit of the town, and of course this sally produced a laugh.

"Not a devil a bit," answered a square rigged, double-breasted fellow, who had stood in the corner of the room all the while. "I've seen 'em and heard 'em lecture too, but they don't hold to steamin' any way as I know; nor they aint Thomsons neither."

"What are they, Sam?" asked uncle Simon.

"They are Tetotallers," said Sam, "and they don't hold to drinkin' a drop of liquor."

"Afore folks," added Simon, with emphasis; and here was another laugh. Bill heard all this but took no part, even in the laugh, for he was too lazy. Towards night the company dispersed, the great portion of them to meet again at the school-house. Bill got a chance to ride, and so he went to the school house too.

The lecturer was there, and in good time began his discourse. He dwelt long on the evil consequences of intemperance; and among other things, showed that it uniformly produced laziness—the worst kind of laziness—even a disregard to those duties, on the performance of which depends cleanliness, health and happiness.

Bill heard the whole and winked. The others heard and looked at Bill.

Presently the pledge went round, beginning with uncle Simon; who was the oldest man and biggest toper in the house.

"I'll sign if Bill Smith will," said Simon. "And I too," said the next—and the next—and—

"But who is Bill Smith?" asked the stranger.

"There he sits," answered one, pointing to a seat near the door; for Bill had not got far into the house—he was too lazy.

The pledge was carried to him and he was requested to sign it. "I can't," said Bill, "I'm tired."

"But you must," said the stranger; "here are three more waiting for you to sign."

"Don't you see I can't," answered Bill. "And besides, 'tisn't best to hurry; there's nothing got by hurrying. I'm tired."

"Sign, Bill," said uncle Simon; "Sign, Bill, and then make a speech."

The audience laughed—Bill looked sober, he was evidently thinking about something, and this required an effort. I suspect he was thinking of the lecture, and his own laziness. Presently he spoke.

"I s'pose I might sign it, and make a speech too," he said, "for though I'm a little lazy now-a-days, seeing there's nothing to do, I used to be as smart as any fellow in Pepperelbro."

"So you were," said Simon; "now sign the Thomsonian Society, Bill, and make a speech."

"I guess, on the whole, I'd better wait," said Bill; "perhaps some other time will do as well."

But the stranger insisted, for full half an hour, and strange to say, Bill finally signed the Pledge.

"And now make a speech," was the cry from every part of the house. Bill wouldn't make a speech that night, and the toppers wouldn't sign the pledge till the speech had been made.

"I'll come here next Tuesday night, and make a good long speech," said Bill with more energy than he had displayed for months before; "if uncle Simon and the rest of you will come and hear me."

"Agreed! agreed!" was heard from all parts of the house. And then the audience dispersed.

CHAPTER IV.

'Tis strange to say what havoc intemperance will make of intellect and ambition. When William Smith was twenty-five years of age, he was considered the most industrious, intelligent and noble hearted of all the young men in his native town.

He was the pride of the circle in which he moved, and bid fair to shine a bright ornament in the most respectable society. He married him a wife, and for a time lived happily. But the seeds of intemperance had been planted within him, and in ten years he had become "Lazy Bill."

But Smith went home that night, after the temperance meeting, and told his wife with some effort, what he had done.—"I've signed

ed the total abstinence pledge, by thunder, Kate, hit or miss, and the next Tuesday I'm goin' to preach." At first his wife would not believe a word of it; but the next day, the indications of a change for the better were too strong to go unnoticed, and she admitted that "something must be in the wind." The signing of the Pledge dated from Wednesday, and Friday, Bill did what he had not done for two years: he worked all day—mending his windows, put new shingles on his roof, hauled fire wood on his hand-sled, &c.—Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, were similarly spent, and when the temperance meeting came, on Tuesday evening, he brushed up his old coat, took his wife by the arm, and tugged silently to the school house.

The audience had got there before him, for every one was anxious to hear what Lazy Bill could say on the subject of temperance. Old Simon had seated himself close to the desk, that he might have a better opportunity to play off his pranks, and when Smith entered—looking so changed—so noble—so dignified, comparably; the old man crept away, abashed, and apparently astonished. "Can this be lazy Bill?" he mentally asked; and the more he asked the question the more he was puzzled to answer it. Pretty soon Smith commenced.

"Ten years ago I was respectable, industrious and happy. I came into this neighborhood, bought me a few acres of land, built me a small house, got married, and went to work. We used to have social parties in those times, and Sarah there, (pointing to his wife,) and I used to attend them. Sarah learned to knit edging and tell stories, and I learned to drink wine. Very soon I began to find myself occasionally impatient for the time of the next party to arrive; and when it came, I was equally impatient to see the wine go round. Finally I drank to excess—even to intoxication—at one of these parties; and from that time, though for a while heartily ashamed of my conduct, I had less of self-respect, and more of the appetite for liquor. I began to visit the tavern, and the rum-shop down there at the other village, and with others of like inclinations and appetites, I spent my time lounging about these grogeries—sitting, now in the sun, now in the shade, but never engaged in any more active business than whittling a pine stick or tipping a decenter of New England rum. I lost, by degrees, all my ambition—became lazy and indolent, and you call me Lazy Bill. At first my wife fretted and scolded at my changed conduct; but this only made it worse. Then she cried and entreated—but this had the same effect, produced trouble, and I drank more rum to drown it.—Drunkards are sure to find trouble enough when rum has become its only antidote. I drank,—lost the little property I had accumulated—broke the heart of my wife, and became finally heedless of every thing. So I lived along till last Wednesday night. You know what we heard then, and I need not say that I was convinced rum had made me "Lazy Bill," and caused all my trouble. I signed the Pledge, and till now kept it inviolate; and God helping me, I'll never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live. Already I begin to feel the fires of ambition again in my breast, and to imagine myself a man. My wife there, is happier, and looks healthier; and my little boy smiles sweetly when I take him in my arms. In short, I am a new man, with new feelings, and new hopes, and now I am going to lead a new life, regain, if possible, my character, and my property, and be happy. And I want my old companions to go with me. Some of you promised to sign the pledge, if I would, and nothing has befallen me to discourage that resolution. I hope you will come up here and redeem your promises."

There was a pause for some minutes. The audience seemed paralyzed with astonishment. Old Simon had been seen to brush away something that had apparently escaped from between his eye-lids, and all were looking to him for some movement that should break the spell of enchantment. Presently he rose, walked up silently to the desk, took up the pen, and put his name to the pledge. Now the people seemed to breathe freer; and one by one, every man and woman in that house, followed his example.

CHAPTER V.

Five or six years ago, I was passing through the little town of Pepperelbro, and recollecting some of the incidents related above, bethought me to ascertain if Bill had kept his pledge. I could not recollect his surname, and was obliged to inquire for "Lazy Bill," as of old. Nobody knew him, or could tell where he lived. Finally I called at a house, and interrogated the woman industriously for the whereabouts of "Lazy Bill;" but she knew nothing of him, and turned to go away. Just then an old gentleman passed the house.

"There's uncle Simon Leighton," said the woman, "and he knows where your man lives, if any body does." I hurried into the street, and overtaking uncle Simon, put to him the question, "Where does Lazy Bill live?"

"I don't know," said uncle Simon, "but he lives somewhere near the carriage-maker's shop. I'll go and find out for you."

"That's his name," I replied, "though I did not know he was a carriage-maker." "He lives on the old spot," said Simon; "just where he has lived for twelve years," but he don't look much like 'Lazy Bill' now, I can tell you.

I hurried on, and soon came to the place where, two years before, I had dropped the miserable being called 'Lazy Bill,' whom I had taken from the groggery of the village below, to pilot me to a hotel. The old hovel had been torn down, and on its site stood a pretty white cottage, surrounded with a yard of flowers, just withering from the effects of an autumn frost. Beyond was a large building, which from the sounds proceeding from it, I judged to be the workshop of William Smith the carriage maker. Thither I bent my steps, and on inquiring for Mr. Smith, was pointed to a noble looking workman in the farther end of the shop, whose manly bearing and healthy looking countenance were evidence enough that the pledge had remained unbroken. On my approach he recognized me, shook my hand heartily, and throwing off his apron, invited me into his house. We walked in together, and there I found one of the prettiest and happiest families I had ever set my eyes upon. The wife was all joy and contentment, the children all animation and beauty. The oldest boy was at work in the shop, but on learning that it was "the stranger," who had called, he came in, and appeared overjoyed to see me. Our meeting there was indeed a glorious one; and never shall I forget the warm grasp of the hand that the father gave me, on taking my leave of him.

"Tell my old acquaintance at S—," said he, "that Lazy Bill is now one of the happiest fellows in Christendom; that his wife and children are as gay as larks, and lively as crickets; that his industry and his property have come back to him; and better than all, that not one drop of liquor is bought or sold or drank in the little town of Pepperelbro."

"Lazy Bill" said he, "I suppose you mean William Smith, the carriage-maker."

"That's his name," I replied, "though I did not know he was a carriage-maker."

"He lives on the old spot," said Simon; "just where he has lived for twelve years," but he don't look much like 'Lazy Bill' now, I can tell you.

I hurried on, and soon came to the place where, two years before, I had dropped the miserable being called 'Lazy Bill,' whom I had taken from the groggery of the village below, to pilot me to a hotel. The old hovel had been torn down, and on its site stood a pretty white cottage, surrounded with a yard of flowers, just withering from the effects of an autumn frost. Beyond was a large building, which from the sounds proceeding from it, I judged to be the workshop of William Smith the carriage maker. Thither I bent my steps, and on inquiring for Mr. Smith, was pointed to a noble looking workman in the farther end of the shop, whose manly bearing and healthy looking countenance were evidence enough that the pledge had remained unbroken. On my approach he recognized me, shook my hand heartily, and throwing off his apron, invited me into his house. We walked in together, and there I found one of the prettiest and happiest families I had ever set my eyes upon. The wife was all joy and contentment, the children all animation and beauty. The oldest boy was at work in the shop, but on learning that it was "the stranger," who had called, he came in, and appeared overjoyed to see me. Our meeting there was indeed a glorious one; and never shall I forget the warm grasp of the hand that the father gave me, on taking my leave of him.

"Tell my old acquaintance at S—," said he, "that Lazy Bill is now one of the happiest fellows in Christendom; that his wife and children are as gay as larks, and lively as crickets; that his industry and his property have come back to him; and better than all, that not one drop of liquor is bought or sold or drank in the little town of Pepperelbro."

ANOTHER WARNING.—A citizen of Mill-creek Township, in this county, attended an election a few days ago, and after exercising the right of suffrage he was assisted into his wagon, and started for home. Being very much intoxicated, a boy by the wayside came to his aid and drove his team to the inebriate's dwelling. In attempting to get out of his wagon he pitched headforemost on the ground, and broke his neck.—*Ohio Temp. Organ.*

CUPPING AND LEECHING.

THE subscriber respectfully returns his thanks to the citizens of Washington and its vicinity for past favors in the above business, and solicits a continuance of the same.

I am prepared to meet the desires with the above business day or night, and it is my wish and intent to give satisfaction to every one that will favor me with a call. Mrs. Devaughan will attend to Ladies' in the above business if desired.

My place of residence is on 9th st. West side, near the corner of E st.

JOHN DEVAUGHAN.
MRS. DEVAUGHAN, wishes to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Washington and vicinity, that she is prepared to bleach Ladies' Bonnets, and Gentlemen's Summer Hats in a style that will give satisfaction.

CATHARINE D. DEVAUGHAN.
Nov. 18—1m

EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.

THOMAS PURSELL has just imported, per ships Pacific and Hampden, from Liverpool and other sources, one hundred and thirteen packages of the above articles, of the newest style and from the best manufacturing, such as—

French and English china dinner, tea, and toilet Sets, or pieces detached

Canton china, pearl, white, blue, stone china and blue printed, and figured Plates

Dishes, Bowls, Vases, (a great variety)

In a word, his very extensive Stock embraces almost every article usually kept in such establishments.

Dixon's English Britannia Tea and Coffee Sets, and plated Castors

And, also, American Britannia Coffee and tea Sets, or pieces separate

Castors, Lamps, Candlesticks, Mugs, covered Pitchers Table and tea Spoons, Covered Urns and Briggins, &c.

Solar, Jars, or oil Lamps

Lamp Glasses and Wicks, of almost every size

Ivory-handled and other Knives and Forks, in complete sets or separate

Plated and brass Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays

Waiters, Looking-Glasses, Shovel and Tongs

Cut, pressed, and plain Tumblers, Wines

Champagnes, Finger Bowls, Wine Coolers, Claret

Decanters, Fruit Baskets, Dishes, Lamps, &c.

A large assortment of common Ware, suitable for retailing. All of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, as cheap as the very cheapest.

English Pipes in boxes

First quality Stone Ware at the factory prices.

As the subscriber is determined to reduce his heavy stock of Goods he intends to sell low, and solicits a call from his friends and the public generally at his store opposite Brown's Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue.

THOMAS PURSELL.
Nov. 18—2m

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT.

For rent, three newly finished houses on D, between 9th and 10th streets, containing nine comfortable rooms in each, brick out-houses, &c. One of the houses I am now furnishing, and to a careful tenant would rent it low for the approaching season. To any person wishing a very comfortable house and convenient location, this house is just such a one. For further particulars apply at

SELBY PARKER'S
Perfumery and Fancy Store, between 9th and 10th streets, Penn. Avenue.
nov. 27—4f